

## [Cindy Wright]

December 13, 1938

Mariah Jackson (Negro)

181 Lyndon Row

Athens, Georgia

(midwife)

Grace McCune, writer CINDY WRIGHT

A search for Cindy's abode led up and down Georgia's steep, red hills that in this particular section had been converted into slick red mire by a downpour of rain. My frequent inquiry "Can you direct me to Cindy Wright's house?" invariably received this response, "It's just 'round de corner to your right." But they failed to tell me how many corners were to be turned before I would finally arrive at the four-room house occupied by the old granny woman. Except for need of a coat of paint the dingy little structure seemed to be in good condition. The small yard space that led from the street to the narrow porch was clean swept. At one side was a large grassy plot where a few late chrysanthemums were bravely trying to hold up their heads.

Two doors confronted me as I entered the porch and my knock on the first one was answered by a tall young Negro who said "Cindy, she lives next door." As I extended my hand to rap on the adjoining door it was opened by a tiny boy, black and shiny, attired in clean blue overalls and a red sweater. "I heared you ax for Cindy; she's right here if you wants to see 'er." A small mulatto woman came to the door. "I'se Cindy," she said. "Won't you come in and set down?"

Cindy led the way into a bedroom where a glowing laundry heater was a welcome sight after the long, cold, and very wet tramp in search of her house. "I hope you will 'scuse the cookin'," said Cindy as she hastened to turn over a pone of cornbread that was smoking in its pan on the heater. Next to it a coffee pot was emitting a cloud of steam, and the remainder of the space on the small stove was occupied by a heavy iron frying pan covered with a close-fitting lid. "I don't s'pect you laks dis," she remarked as she removed the lid from the frying pan. "Dis is chit'lin's. Some of my frien's done kilt hogs and sont 'em to me, and if you don't mind I'd lak mighty well to finish cookin' our t'eats, 'cause I'se hongry."

This last remark seemed a good cue for presentation of the sack of fruit I had brought with me and to urge her to proceed with her cooking. Cindy was delighted. "Chile," she exclaimed. "I knows who you is now. You'se dat white chile my Mr. Aaron said was comin' to see me. Dat man sho knows how good old Cindy loves fruit, and I'll just bet he put you up to fetchin' it to me."

While Cindy was busy, I looked around the clean, comfortable and home-like room with its simple furnishings. Crinkled cotton spreads covered the mattresses on the two iron beds. There was a beautiful fern on an old-fashioned washstand. Other furnishings included two trunks, several chairs and a small table or two. A small dog and a cat were sleeping near the stove.

The old style chimney, built out into the room, had a mantel on which were several tins of wandering jew and a large oil lamp. One corner of the room was curtained off with portieres made of flour sacks. The rough, wide planks that formed the walls were whitewashed. A small girl, apparently not more than eight years old, was ironing on a board placed on two chairs. "Stop your wuk, Honey," Cindy addressed the child. "Git you somepin' t'eat and eat it and then go outside and play while we talks."

Turning to me, she said, "I tries to larn 'em how to wuk, 'cause I knows I'se gwine to be called 'way one of dese days to come back here no more. Yes, Lord, dat I is, dat's a fac', Honey, sho as you'se borned." When she had placed a piece of cornbread and a serving of chitterlings on each of their [plares?] plates, she opened the sack of fruit and gave each child an apple and sent both of them to the kitchen to eat. "I ain't gwine give 'em none of my oranges 'cause wid just one tooth in my haid, I kin eat dem better'n any of de other fruit." When she had heaped her own platter with chitterlings and cornbread and had poured a cup of coffee, she sat down by me, near the stove, and soon was rocking in her chair as she consumed her food with every indication of satisfaction. I wondered how she could attain such gusto with only one tooth. A wide-spread checked apron almost covered her clean, dark print dress, and a little fringe of gray hair escaped the snowy head rag.

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As she ate, she talked; "I'se sho glad Mr. Aaron done sont you to see me," she said, "and I told Molly just last night dat Mr. Aaron hadn't never lied to me before. It had been such a long time since he had sont me word you was coming, dat I'd done plum' give you out." The platter had been sopped clean with the last of the cornbread and she reached into the sack for an orange. "Chile," she said. "I'se mighty proud and thankful you gimme dis fruit. I was just a-wishin' dis very mornin' dat I had some."

The dog woke up and started around the heater to investigate the presence of a stranger. "Don't let him tech your stockin's," said Cindy, "'cause he'll tear 'em sho as you'se borned. Course he don't aim to; he's just such a friendly little pup. We don't know who he b'longs to. He just tuk up here and de chillun wanted 'im so bad, I just couldn't say no. Our cat is right smart too. I sho don't never see no rats 'round here.

"Now, if you don't mind, I'll put on a pot of peas to cook for the other chillun to eat when dey gits home atter school. I'se awful sloe 'bout doin' things, 'cause I'se done got so old and no 'count dese days." Soon after she had replenished the fire and the peas had begun to boil, she placed a generous quantity of snuff in her mouth and settled back in her chair.

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Then we heard a knock at the door. Cindy introduced the aged Negress who entered, as 'Miss Jenny'. Jenny used the next few moments to tell Cindy about her 'job of wuk wid some white folkses, what lives a fur piece off. De man's a-comin' atter me in a great big autymobile tomorrow."

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Her story told, Jenny took her departure with the final remark, "I didn't know you all had no comp'ny, Miss Wright, I'll run along now, and come back to see you another time." After she was gone, my hostess chuckled. "She just had to know who it was here to see me, and when you'se gone evvy blessed 'oman 'round here will trump up some 'scuse to come and try to find out what you wanted, but ain't none of 'em gwine to find out nothin' from Old Cindy.

Again Cindy started her story, "I don't 'spects I can tell you much 'bout what you wants to know, 'cause my mind ain't so good as it used to be. Sometimes I can 'member things way back yonder good, and then again my mem'ry just comes and goes. I don't recollect much 'bout de time 'fore de war, 'cause I was too young myself den, but I'se gwine to do my best to tell you de answer to anything you axes me. You want to know why? Hit's 'cause my boy, my Mr. Aaron, done sont you to see me.

"I was borned 79 years ago last March, 'way down in Alabamy at a place dey called Notasulga. My daddy had done been borned and raised on Dr. Long's place in Oglethorpe County, Georgy. Chile, daddy's marster, Mr. Long was such a grand, good man, dey named a town in Oglethorpe County for him. His wife - she was Miss Annie May Long - was one good 'oman in dis here world of sin and sorrow. All dat Long family was good white folkses.

"Sam Foster was my daddy, and he comed all de way to Alabamy to marry my mammy, and he stayed on in Alabamy 'til long 6 atter de big war was over. Mammy's name was Sue. She had been sold off one time in her life, but when she married she b'longed to Miss

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Grace Bradford. Dere was one child younger'n me, born enduring' de war. Hit was a long time atter de war was over 'fore our white folkses would tell mammy and daddy dat we was free, and hit was a longer time yit 'fore we could come to Georgy.

"My granddaddy sont atter us. Yes, dat he did. He sont one horse and waggin plumb to Alabamy to fetch us back. De man he sont was sick wid a swellin' when he got dere; he was just swelled up all over. I ain't never seed de lak, and it was sho a mighty long time 'fore he was able to ride back in dat waggin. I don't know just how many days it tuk to come from Alabamy to Oglethorpe County in Georgy, but Daddy said hit was sho a long hard trip. Roads warn't lak dey is now and folkses lived a long piece apart. Somepin' t'eat was hard to git on de road and dey was hongry plenty of times 'fore dey got to de end of dat long ride. Daddy and de boys ride in dat waggin wid de man what had de swellin', but Mammy and us two gals ride de train. I ain't never gwine to forgit comin' to Georgy, 'cause dat was my fust train ride, and I was scared plum' to death. Mammy said I screamed and carried on so when dat train come puffin' up to de depot, she thought dey never would be able to git me on it. She said I helt on to her all de time on de train, 'til we got hongry and she opened up a big box of somepin' t'eat what she had done cooked up 'fore we left Alabamy. Big as 7 dat box was, de eats give out on us long 'fore we got to granddaddy's house, and we was hongry sho 'nough all de last part of dat long ride.

"Granddaddy's house was on de old Long place down on de Georgia Railroad. Right dere's de place I growed up in. I stayed dere 'til I married, wukin' in de field wid my daddy, 'cause dat was all de kind of wuk I knowed how to do dem days.

"Dey had schools but dere warn't none on our place. But schoolin' warn't no fur piece off, 'cause dere was a school in Foster Town. Dat was a place what had so many Fosters livin' in it dat dey sho 'nough did call it Foster Town. Lots of de young chillun was sont to dat school, but me, I ain't never went to no schoolhouse a whole day in my borned days. I hear folkses talk 'bout dem A-B-C's, but I don't know nothin' 'bout 'em. But just let me tell you, dere sho can't nobody fool me when it comes to countin'. I can sho do dat. Dere don't

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nobody beat Old Cindy out of nothin'. All of daddy's chillun had to help him in de field. We wuked mighty hard, but we had a good livin'; dere was plenty t'eat, a place to stay, and evvything we sho 'nough needed.

"My daddy seed to it dat I had a mighty smart weddin', when me and Joe Wright got married. Hit was just one of dem old time country weddin's. Daddy didn't 'vite so powerful many folks, but it was a nice weddin' right on. I don't even 'member what color my dress was. It was made out of thin cloth that had light dots on it. It may of been dotted swiss. I don't know.

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"Dere was de mostes' good things t'eat at our weddin' supper. Daddy even had a whole hog cooked for us, but we wouldn't 'low no dancin' round dere. I minded my good old daddy, and I ain't never danced one of dem sets in my whole life, and at my age I don't never 'spect to. Even if I wanted to do it, I'se done got too stiff and no 'count. If daddy hadn't minded, I ain't never had no time for dancin' nohow. I wuked hard and tried to take care of what us made. Me and Joe farmed for white folkses for years and years. I wuked right 'long wid Tom Joe in de field, 'cause I'se a-tellin' you he was a good man through all de 50 years we lived together. He has been gone and left me eight years ago prezackly, since five o'clock last Friday evenin'.

"I don't 'member how come I done it, but I got started in as a granny 'oman not long 'fore we moved into town. Dat's been more'n 30 years ago. Since dat time I'se been doing dat kind of wuk all 'long 'til I got too old and quit, 'bout three years ago. Course you ain't s'posen to know much 'bout my kind of wuk, but it's sho 'nough hard wuk. Why, I'se cotched as many as three babies in one night. Chile, is you married, or is I a-tellin' you what I hadn't oughta?"

Considerable urging was necessary before Cindy was convinced that it was proper for an unmarried woman to hear her story. "Atter I come here to town I wuked wid Miss Eckford

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and Miss Bryan. Course, I had to take dem blood testies den, and wear white gowns, and I wore white caps dat kivered up all my hair. And does you know dey had to see me do some of my wuk 'fore dey 9 would 'low me to have one of dem 'stificates. De funny part of it all is dat I 'spects I was cotchin' babies 'fore dem 'omans was borned demselves.

Miss Eckford, she was good and all right, but I just loved to wuk wid Miss Bryan, and she still comes to see me 'bout one time evvy week. Yas, Lord, I'se cotched plenty of babies as dey comed into dis old world. Dat I has, and Miss Bryan, she always said she didn't never worry 'bout none of Cindy's cases, 'cause if dere was anything wrong, Cindy would sho say so.

"Plenty of folkses right in dis very town still owes me for waitin' on 'em. Yas, Lord, dere's plenty owin' to me dat I don't never 'spect to git. Some folkses would pay if dey could; others just ain't got no mind to pay me nothin'.

"Laugh? Why, I'se never seed nothin' to make me want to laugh at on none of my cases; dem 'omans was always sufferin' too much for dat. I'se heared other granny 'omans laugh 'bout now deir cases behaved, but hit warn't lak dat wid me. I always wanted to visit wid my cases 'fore dey was down in de bed and sho 'nough needed me. Dat was so I could be sho evvything was fixed up ready, just so. But, yas, Lord, I'se fussed at 'em plenty of times, just to git 'em good and mad, dat I has. Hit was for deir own good for if I could just git 'em mad 'nough, hit was easier on 'em and was all over quicker. I'se seed plenty of sufferin' and sad times wid de rich, de pore, de white, and de colored 'omans. Yas, Lord, dat I has, for I'se wuked wid 'em all.

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"My job was to cotch de babies, and see dat evvything was all right 'for I left de place, and I always went back evvy day for seven days to see dat dey was gittin' 'long all right. If dey was doing well on de seventh day my wuk was finished. But now I'se got too nervous and old. You know, dat's wuk dat can't wait. I had to go right on when dey called me, rain or

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shine, sleet or snow. Dat chile what opened de door when you comed, dat's my great, great grandchile, and he's just about de last baby I cotched. Now, I did go out just dis last week here in de neighborhood, but hit was just to help Miss Bryan out, 'cause she is so nice and good to me.

"I'se had fourteen chillun myself, eight boys and six gals. Yas, Lord! Praise de Lord! I'se still got eight of my chillun left livin'. Most of 'em lives close by in dis neighborhood, 'ceppin' one gal dat lives in Cincinnati. I'se wuked hard to raise my chillun and send 'em to school. Some of my oldest ones went to de country schools 'fore we moved to town.

"Joe wuked and I wuked, and my white folkses has been mighty good to me. I just don't know what I would do if it warn't for 'em. Let me tell you, I sho did have a good husband. He made \$15.00 a week wuking at de Holman Building, and evvy Sadday night he fetched evvy last penny of dat money straight home and laid it in my lap. When I axed him how much he wanted out of it, he always said 'fifty cents.' And what do you think he wanted wid dem fifty cen'ses? Not a blessed thing but to buy 11 my snuff wid. Dat's right.

"I done housewuk and washin' too for some of my good white folkses, and I tuk good care of what we made, so'se we would have somepin. Other folkses, dey says, 'Miz Wright, how does you git along so well? How come you has so much?' Us always had plenty somepin t'eat, good clothes to wear, and a good home to live in. Dem other folkses never wuked lak us done, and what dey made, dey never tuk no care of. I made our chillun wuk too. Our white folkses said all my fambly was good wukers. Since I'se got too old to wuk no more, dem chillun of mine is been mighty good. Some of 'em's always sendin' somepin for me.

"We lived in one place for nigh on to thirty years, but it warn't here. I'se just been here 'bout one year. My gal what lives in Cincinnati, sont for me to come live wid her. I got rid of 'most all my things and went, but shucks, seven months was long as I could stay up dar. I was too homesick, so she had to send me back. Callie got dis place. We has two of de



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rooms and one of my gals lives in de two rooms on the other side. She wuks out, and I takes care of her chillun whilst she's gone evvy day.

“All my chillun's been mighty good to me, but my Emma, she never would leave me to git married. Yas, Lord, dat chile has sho stayed wid her old mammy. Dey was all of 'em mighty good to me in Cincinnati, but I was scared I might die 'way off up dere, and I [wants?] to be laid in de ground right 'long side of 12 Joe, and dese chillun of ours had sho better see to dat. I b'lieves in in-surance. Dat I does! I'se got a policy dat will pay for puttin' me in de ground, when I'se called 'way from dis world.

“I ain't never been to no doctor for myself and I ain't never had no doctor sont here. I don't take no medicine needer, but I knows a man what kind of fixes me up somepin when I feels lak I needs it. Dat's sho 'nough. De last time I had a bad hurtin', I just went to see him, and told him I had a hurtin' in my right side under my shoulder. He walked 'round me a time or two, and den he rubbed dat side, and said, 'Hit's all right now.' And hit was. It ain't hurt me no more since.

“I ain't sick now. I'se just no 'count. I'se gittin' old. I fell last week and hurt myself right bad. I couldn't git up, and if it hadn't a been for dat little great, great grandson of mine I 'spects I would have had to stay on de floor 'til Callie got home, but he called a lady in to help me git up. My laig's been a-hurtin' me right smart ever since.

“Does you know what time t'is?” asked Cindy as she stirred the pot of peas. I told her that according to my wrist watch it was 2:10. She sipped water from a dipper for a while, gave the restless dog some food, then sat down in her rocking chair and put it in motion again.

She seemed to be pondering something as she solemnly 13 and silently studied my face. Finally she asked, “Is you kin to Miz Josie Stewart? You all sho do favor. You'se just a-lak.” I admitted that I am not related to Mrs. Stewart. Expecting to please her, I added that I know Mrs. Stewart and admire her. “I 'spects she's good,” answered Cindy. “I washed for her fambly for years, and I sho does lak Mr. Gilbert. He is one good man. Dat he is! Dis

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here's his house. He lets me have dese two rooms for a dollar a week, and he sometimes says, 'Cindy, don't you worry none if you don't have de rent right ready evvy time.' Now dat's just lak Mr. Gilbert Stewart."

Suddenly she stopped rocking and asked, "What day is dis, anyhow?" I told her it was Tuesday. "I means, what day in de month is it?" When I replied that it was the 13th of December, she laughed and said, "I knowed I warn't wrong. I gits my check on de 17th. Yas, Lord, 'deed I does. I'se done got two of dem five dollar checks for de old age pension. Hit ain't but five dollars a month but dat sho does help. Does you think all de old folkses will git it? I sho hopes so, 'cause old folkses what's done wuked long as day dey can, needs it mighty bad now. Dere's a old man stayin' down dis street what ain't got no folkses, and dat pore old man is blind as a bat, and he don't git no pension. Not one Jesus thing, does he git. Yas, Lord, is dat right? Maybe dey will git hit fixed up for him so'se he can git a little help 'fore dey has to put him under de ground."

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She resumed her rocking, and looking up remarked, "When was de last time you seed Mr. Aaron?" Without giving me time to reply, she continued, "I wuked for his folkses 'til his mother and daddy moved 'way from here to go to New York. Dey was good folkses, if dey was Jews. Dey was 'special good to us what wuked for 'em. I just nearly 'bout raised young Mr. Aaron. Dere was other boys in dat fambly, but Mr. Aaron was my boy. Yassum, I 'spects he was bad as de rest of 'em, and I sho had to give him a talkin' to sometimes, and I still talks to Mr. Aaron just lak I wants to. He don't say nothin' back to me nuther. He just laughs and says he, 'Now, Gal, what's de matter wid you?' But, my Mr. Aaron ain't been to see me in a long time now, and just you tell 'im dat Cindy said he'd better come, 'cause she ain't got too old to git a holt of him yit, and she's 'spectin' him to send Santa Claus 'round to see her.

"See dis scar on my neck? Well, dat was one time I had to have a doctor. Let me tell you about it. A long time ago, when I was just as peart and hearty as I could be, a little bump

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come on my shoulder. For a long time, hit warn't no size a'tall, den hit started off to growin'. Hit growed 'til hit hung plumb down over my shoulder. I warn't sick none, and hit didn't hurt a'tall, but I was scared it would keep on growin'.

"I went to see Miz Lora Fant. She's a colored woman dat knows things. Atter she had done 'zamed dat thing 15 growin' on my shoulder, she run through her cyards and said, 'Miz Wright, you'se been witched, but I'se glad I can tell you dat you hain't been pizened. You was witched by a 'oman dat lives right nigh whar you stays. She has a grudge 'ginst you 'cause hit seems lak to her you gits 'long so much better and has so much more dan she does, so dat's de grudge she is beholdin' 'ginst you.'

"Miss Lora said for me to come to town and git a certain kind of 'bacco and she 'splained just how I was to fix it up. She said she was gwine to do all she could for me, but I would be in bed and would have two more of dem same kind of places to start growin' on me. She said dat 'oman what had done witched me wouldn't come nigh me 'til de last of dem places was gone, but den she would ax and 'quire 'bout me evvy day. Would you b'lieve it? She done dat very thing. She sho did.

"When dat place started on my neck I got scared and went to see a man dat knowed how to do things. I didn't tell him a word 'bout me gwine to see Miss Lora, and dat man told me word for word pre-zackly what Miss Lora had done told me, even 'bout dat 'oman. Dat he did! Den I knowed for sho dat I had done been witched. Den dat old 'oman dat had witched me started comin' to my neighbors evvy day to 'quire 'bout how Miz Wright was, 'til dey axed her why she didn't come see for herself how I was. I sho was havin' me a time den, 'cause one of dem things commenced growin' under my arm, and I just 16 had to lie in bed whilst dey growed and growed. I sont for Miss Lora again, and she said dey was ready to be lanced by a sho 'nough doctor. I warn't real sure so I sont for de old man I told you 'bout a little while ago. He 'zamed me and said dem places was ready to be lanced, and he 'lowed I would git well atter dat, and den dat 'oman would come evvy day to see how I

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was. When a doctor had cut open dem places, dat witch 'oman did start right out comin' to see me, but I didn't care, for she had done lost her power over me, and I got well.

"I'se got to see 'bout dem peas now," Cindy proclaimed in a tone that implied dismissal, so I began making ready for my departure. "I wants to tell you somepin dat'll make you always 'member Old Cindy," she began, "Hit's what I'se heared all my born days, and I'se found dat hit's sho de truth. "Many things may tangle your foots, but tain't nothin' dat can hold 'em.' Dat's right. Ain't it?"

I thanked Cindy and promised to return but would not set a date for the next visit, as I did not want her to be disappointed. She laughed. "Dat's 'cause I said you and Mr. Aaron done lied to me 'bout you comin'," she said. "Well, I still says you never come when you sont me word to 'spect you, and now you be sho and tell Mr. Aaron I'se a-lookin' for him too."

Cindy and her dog accompanied me to the door, and as I walked down the steps she said, "Chile, I'se sho gwine to have lots of comp'ny attar you gits out of sight, but none of 'em ain't gwine to git nary a word out of Old Cindy 'bout what 17 your business wid me was."

Three days later as I passed the Southern Department Store, its proprietor, Mr. Aaron Stein, hailed me. "What did you do to my good old nurse?" he demanded. "I let you go out to see her, and the next thing I hear, she has had a stoke and is at the point of death. I think it's mighty lucky that her story was recorded when it was for it's not likely that she will ever be able to talk again."

The Athens Banner-Herald of December 21, 1938, carried the story of Cindy's death and announced that her funeral would be held from Ebenezer Baptist Church, Thursday, December 22nd, at two o'clock. It was fortunate that I started out a little ahead of time to find the church for I soon learned that there was more than one Ebenezer Church in, or near, Athens. Alexander and Freeman, undertakers in charge of the funeral, gave me directions for finding the place where the last respects would be paid to Cindy. Finding that I still had a little time to spare before the funeral I went by her "Mr. Aaron's" store to learn

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from him about her last few days. He said that her family had tried to prevent her from doing any hard work because they had known for several years that her blood pressure was very high, but while they were away at work 18 her restless energy, the industrious habits of her lifetime, often led her to disobey their admonitions. He said that she had waited for her children to depart for work, and had "done a big washing," and this undue exertion was followed by a stroke of paralysis. She never spoke again, and died three days after she was stricken. In conclusion he said, "She was a good woman, real smart, and just as honest as she could be. We will all miss her."

The funeral party had not arrived when I entered Ebenezer Church and took my seat near the rear of the auditorium. A woman, apparently a member of the choir, approached me at once and invited me to come up near the altar, where seats had been reserved for Cindy's white friends. There I could see and hear everything. The altar was draped in white and banked with ferns. On it was an open Bible of immense size.

Soon the message was carried to the organist that "they" were approaching. The people who had been standing in groups on the outside filed in and took their seats at the right and left of the room, but the entire center section had been reserved for the funeral party. The sadly tender notes of the funeral march came from the piano as the doors were swung open and two preachers led the procession down the aisle. Not a word was spoken on the march to the altar. Immediately after the preachers were the six flower bearers, all of them elderly women, each carrying potted flowers and marching in couples.

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Behind them the casket on its wheeled stand was guided by an undertaker, and followed by the pallbearers. Then came Cindy's family, followed by their friends. Everyone in the church stood up until the funeral party was seated and then the remaining seats in the center aisle were quickly filled by some of the others.

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The choir sang Nearer My God to Thee, and a preacher read as a text the ninetyeth Psalm, beginning with the words, "Lord, Thou has been our dwelling place in all generations," and in solemn and reverent tones he continued through its last verse, "And let the beauty of our Lord, our God be upon us: establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish Thou it."

The same preacher offered this prayer: "Let us entreat Thee O, God! May we come before Thee, And ask Thee to console us, And grant us Thy peace, And help us. "We know Thou has never done wrong But everything is for the good of Thy kingdom. "Bless these, Thy children, And give them peace. And when our time comes To go, may we find a place In Heaven."

"We will now," he announced, "have the obituary of Sister Wright, read by Miss Bessie Cannon."

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A well-groomed, slender little mulatto Negress left the section occupied by the family, and standing by the casket she began:

"Sister Cindy Wright was borned in the year of 1861, and was married to Brother Wright at the age of twenty years. She was converted at the age of twenty-five, in Boggs Chapel, in Oglethorpe County, and when she came to Athens to live, she moved her membership to Ebenezer Church where she has been well-known, and loved by all who knew her. Her husband died in 1930. She was the mother of fourteen children, eight of whom survive her. When sickness, death, or trouble came, she was always ready and willing to do all she could for the ones that needed her. Always cheerful and ready to help others, she was very industrious in her community until her death on December 20th, 1938."

The preacher invited the congregation to be comforted by a solo, Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy, sung by Miss Mahala Wheeler. A very black Negress, of good appearance,

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in the choir group arose and sang four stanzas of the old hymn. Her voice, apparently almost strangled by emotion at times, indicated that her interpretative efforts stressed the meaning of the words rather than the tune and rhythm.

Until this point the second preacher had not taken active part in the exercises. The presiding minister announced that Brother Stanley would not talk. His tribute ended with these 21 words: "She lived like a child of God, and served Him long and well. Thou good and faithful servant, well done."

Brother Stanley then stated that he would turn the service back to Brother Roberts. This was the first time we had heard the name of the presiding cleric. He arose and began the funeral sermon at the end of which the casket was opened. The undertaker then invited me to be the first to view Cindy. The pianist had started playing a funeral march when I arose and went to the casket. While the dignity of death was on her face, as she lay there in her white robe in a casket of a delicate shade of lavender and white flowers, it seemed as though the old woman had just dropped off to sleep. When I had returned to my place, the congregation filed by the casket in solemn procession, while one of the preachers droned in a low monotone, "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." When all of the congregation had viewed her except the family, the undertaker lowered one side of the casket and rolled it close by each member of the family so they might see her, and even touch her, for the last time. Now the chant of the preacher took on a newer and higher note and tone as he read the ritual of the church, while her children took their farewell. "Foreasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise Providence to take out of the world the soul of the departed sister . . ." he read in ringing tones, and as the bier was wheeled back toward the altar he read the closing words:

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"From henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, evenso saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors."

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The casket was closed. Brother Stanley uttered the benediction. The flower bearers took their places, in couples, before the casket, and led by the two preachers, Cindy Wright's body was followed by her family and friends as it was borne toward the cemetery.

Just as she had prophesied less than a week before, she had answered the last call, and had gone, to return no more.